

Colditz, by Steve Lyons

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[Part One]

(The Tardis materialises, door opens.)

ACE: You see? There's nothing to worry about.

DOCTOR [OC]: Ace, why can't you ever show some patience? You don't know what's out there.

ACE: It's a courtyard. Big buildings all around us. Some grass over there. I can't make out much, it's getting dark. Oh, and it's freezing cold. But there's no one around, Professor.

DOCTOR: Doctor. That's not the point. The Tardis is still shaken after hitting that anomaly in the Vortex. The old girl's systems need time to reboot. Until they do, she can't tell me where we've landed.

ACE: Twentieth century Earth, you said.

DOCTOR: Maybe. But I can't be any more specific than that.

ACE: Feels like home, and all. Mind you, those buildings would have to be a bit old. Oh, we could just have a quick look round, couldn't we?

DOCTOR: Might be dangerous.

ACE: Dunno about that. Feel safer than usual already.

DOCTOR: You do?

ACE: Well, if *you* don't know where we are, then *I* can't be walking into one of your big master-plans, can I? (Walking.)

DOCTOR: Oh, very comforting.

ACE: Besides, got my rucksack. Anything nasty comes at us, there'll be something in here that can deal with it.

DOCTOR: So long as it isn't bomb-proof. I'd be more impressed if you'd thought to bring along a torch.

ACE: I thought I could rely on you to shed some light on the situation.

DOCTOR: You were right, Ace. It looks like this place was built in the eighteenth century.

ACE: Shine the torch over there.

DOCTOR: In fact, those buildings seem familiar.

ACE: Doctor, shine the torch over there, behind us. There's a tunnel.

DOCTOR: (sotto) If I just step back a bit, I might gain some perspective.

ACE: It might be the way out.

DOCTOR: (sotto) Oh, no. (normal) I've just realised where we are, Ace.

ACE: What's the problem?

DOCTOR: No time to explain. Come on!

ACE: But we haven't even been shot at yet.

DOCTOR: It's only a matter of time, I assure you. Run!

(Gunshots.)

ACE: Gordon Bennett! Floodlights! I can't see.

DOCTOR: This way. Back to the Tardis.

ACE: There's more of them.

KURTZ: Hände hoch.

(Welcome to David Tennant, doing a German accent.)

DOCTOR: Across the lawn.

KURTZ: Hände hoch ode ich schieße

DOCTOR: Keep running, Ace!

(Gunshots. The Doctor cries out.)

ACE: Doctor!

KURTZ: Perhaps you misunderstood me. Fraulein!

ACE: What's up? Never seen a woman before?

KURTZ: I ordered you to raise your hands above your head.

ACE: You shot my friend.

KURTZ: I will not tell you again!

ACE: You shot my friend!

DOCTOR: Now, Ace, don't worry about me. Just do as the gentleman asks.

ACE: Doctor, are you all right?

DOCTOR: I was hit in the shoulder. I'll live.

KURTZ: You are Britishers?

ACE: Yeah, that's right. (sotto) Nazis again. I can't stand Nazis.

KURTZ: You will consider yourself my prisoners. For you the war is over. What are your names? You.

ACE: Leave him alone. He's hurt. He needs help.

KURTZ: I want his name.

ACE: He's the Doctor, all right?

DOCTOR: (weak) And this is my friend, Ace.

KURTZ: No code names.

ACE: They're our real names.

KURTZ: I know what you want here. You thought you could use your, your invention to free your comrades. My sentries saw your arrival. Your travelling machine appeared from the air itself.

ACE: What, and you believe them? Sounds to me like someone's put away a bit too much schnapps.

KURTZ: You four, take that machine into the Kommandantur and secure it. The rest of you bring them along.

ACE: Hold on a minute. Where are you taking us?

KURTZ: You feign ignorance again. Well, do not worry, you will become familiar enough with this place.

ACE: What are you talking about? Where are we? And who are you, anyway?

KURTZ: I am Feldwebel Kurtz. I command these men. And on behalf of the German Reich I welcome you to your new home, Oflag Four C.

ACE: Oflag. A prison camp.

KURTZ: Or as it may be more familiar to you Britishers, Colditz Castle.

(Men muttering.)

SHÄFER: Come along, gentlemen, you heard the appel siren.

GOWER: We heard, Hauptmann Shäfer. Why another roll call already?

PRISONER: We heard those shots too. What's going on?

SHÄFER: This is not your concern. Flying Officer Gower, I want you to assemble these men in the prisoner's courtyard.

GOWER: It'll be an escape. The Yanks, I shouldn't wonder.

PRISONER: Yeah, and I bet some trigger-happy goon has opened fire.

GOWER: That right, Herr Shäfer? Is that what this is all about?

SHÄFER: I am sure you will be notified in due course. Now please.

WILKINS: Hey, sir. Sir? They're bringing somebody in.

SHÄFER: I will not tell you again.

GOWER: Cut the lad some slack, eh, Captain? They heard gunfire, and they're being turfed out into the cold again at this time of the evening. They're worried.

PRISONER: What's happening? Can you see anything?

WILKINS: It's Kurtz. He's brought two chaps into the yard. They've taken one off to sickbay but bringing the other one over here. Don't recognise his face. It, it's a girl, isn't it?

PRISONER: It can't be. Are you sure?

WILKINS: It jolly well is, you know. It's a girl! Quite young too. Can't be much more than twenty.

(Typical male reaction to the news.)

GOWER: I don't suppose you know anything about this, Herr Shäfer?

SHÄFER: No more than you do, Herr Gower.

PRISONER: Hey, Kurtz, found yourself a girlfriend?

KURTZ [OC]: Be silent up there!

ACE [OC]: Who says I'm a friend of this dirt bag?

(Laughter and cheers.)

GOWER: All right, lads, keep it down. Some respect for the lady, eh?

WILKINS: Doesn't sound much like a lady to me.

PRISONER: Sounds English, though. That's right love, you stick it up him.

KURTZ [OC]: Be silent, I said!

SHÄFER: Flying Officer.

GOWER: Okay, you heard the Captain. The quicker we go down to the yard, the quicker we'll find out what Kurtz and his goons are up to. Let's move out, eh?

SHÄFER: In an orderly fashion, please, gentlemen.

GOWER: They'll settle down, Herr Hauptmann. Any break from the routine, you know how it is.

SHÄFER: Yes, I know.

KURTZ: Sentry, unlock the door.

GUARD: Jawohl.

KURTZ: Come on, come on.

(Door opens. Footsteps.)

KURTZ: I regret that you will not be comfortable here. This camp has no facilities to house a young female spy.

ACE: Don't put yourself out, Kurtz. I can always find another place to stay. And who said I was a spy?

KURTZ: We will learn everything about you in time, Fraulein Ace, starting with your real name.

ACE: I suppose you're going to get your jack-booted friend here to make me talk, are you? Well, don't

bother. It's McShane, if you must know.

KURTZ: Well, Fraulein McShane, you will sleep alone in this room, but your meals and recreation must be shared with the other British prisoners.

ACE: Suits me. I'm not planning on stopping long anyway.

KURTZ: Then you should change those plans. You saw the inner courtyard of this castle, hmm? The cobbled area. We passed through it on the way to the cell block.

ACE: Yeah, yeah, I saw it.

KURTZ: That courtyard and the buildings around it now form the extent of your world.

WILKINS: Oh, I say. Are you moving in with us?

ACE: Looks like it. Not for long, though.

KURTZ: I did not give you permission to speak, McShane. And you, Herr Wilkins, are late for the appel.

WILKINS: Well, it's not my fault. I've only just been let out

KURTZ: Go!

WILKINS: Charmed to make your acquaintance, Miss McShane. I'm Timothy Wilkins.

ACE: Hi, Tim. Sorry about the Nazis. They insisted on coming in.

KURTZ: Sentry, take this prisoner down to the courtyard and ensure that we are not disturbed again.

GUARD: Jawohl, mein Herr.

KURTZ: And you, girl, I have told you to be silent.

ACE: Yeah, sure. I heard. See you around, Tim.

KURTZ: While you are here, Fraulein, you will learn obedience. When a German officer gives you an order you will follow it, without question. Do you understand? Now strip.

ACE: You what?

KURTZ: Remove your clothes.

ACE: Get lost!

KURTZ: You have to be deloused and searched. It is procedure.

ACE: I don't have lice! Get off me!

KURTZ: I will not warn you again. The sooner you accept that you are a prisoner here, the better it will be for you. Now, we will start with this bag of yours, I think.

DOCTOR: Sounds like there's quite a party going on. I hope you haven't gone to any trouble on my account, Captain?

SHÄFER: Hauptmann Shäfer.

DOCTOR: I expect you need to count your prisoner, make sure we haven't made off with any. I'm the Doctor, by the way.

SHÄFER: The prisoner is to be placed in solitary confinement. Is he well enough?

DOCTOR: I'm fine, thanks for asking. Your guards here put a bandage on my shoulder. Not a very good job, but adequate.

SHÄFER: The camp doctor will be here in the morning. He will see to your wound then. Have you searched him?

GUARD: We have, Herr Hauptman. We found nothing.

SHÄFER: Good. Then we

GUARD: But

SHÄFER: Is something wrong?

GUARD: Outside, mein Herr, in the Kommandantur yard, I was sure the prisoner had a torch. I saw him drop it into his pocket.

SHÄFER: Have you anything in your pockets, Herr Doktor?

DOCTOR: I don't think so, unless. Ah, hold on, just a minute. Ah, I think there might be something here. It feels like, ah!

(Plays the spoons.)

GUARD: Mein Herr! I swear he did not.

SHÄFER: Search him again.

DOCTOR: Ow! Oh. Ah. Well, there's no need to take it out on the cutlery.

SHÄFER: If you are carrying something, Doctor, I would hand it over now.

DOCTOR: You won't find anything else.

SHÄFER: It is pointless trying to keep your secrets from us. We shall learn them all eventually.

DOCTOR: Then I hope for your sake, Captain Shäfer, that you're prepared to deal with that knowledge.

KURTZ: A rope ladder. Huh. You came prepared. There's enough escape equipment in this bag to break out your entire army.

ACE: You'd better believe it.

KURTZ: And these, you say, are explosives?

ACE: Enough to blow off your hand and bring this building down our ears if you don't stop shaking them like that.

KURTZ: Hmm. It doesn't matter if you are lying to me. Our scientists will uncover the nature of all these strange devices. This, for example.

ACE: My CD Walkman?

KURTZ: What purpose does it serve?

ACE: Put the earphones in and I'll show you.

KURTZ: Hmm. Very well.

ACE: That's it. Now press that button there. Oh, no, no, that one.

KURTZ: Gah!

(Loud beat music.)

KURTZ: This is some kind of brain-washing equipment.

ACE: No, it's just Danny Pain.

KURTZ: You have made a great mistake coming here. First your travelling machine and now this, this, this weapon. We have underestimated your technology, but it is in German hands now. We can duplicate it, improve it. You have thrown away your advantage.

ACE: Yeah, go for it, pal. Send your troops goose-stepping across Europe to that dance beat. Win the war through the power of music!

KURTZ: I will take this equipment to my superior officers. Wait here.

ACE: Whatever you say, Herr Feldwebel, sir.

(Door opens and closes.)

ACE: I can't wait to see what he makes of the Stone Roses.

(Walking.)

SHÄFER: You should know, Herr Doktor, the Camp Commandant has taken a special interest in you and your machine.

DOCTOR: I'm flattered.

SHÄFER: I do not think you understand.

DOCTOR: Oh, I understand too well, Mister Schäfer. Interrogation, threats, torture. I expect they're all lined up by now.

SHÄFER: You will tell us what we need to know.

DOCTOR: So, why not save myself the inconvenience? Why not give in to tyranny and evil and greed? I've heard it all before.

SHÄFER: I only wish to advise you.

DOCTOR: Yes. Yes, I believe you do. And my companion? Is she in a solitary cell too?

SHÄFER: We are not barbarians, Doctor, whatever your propaganda might tell you. We have found more suitable quarters for the girl.

DOCTOR: Thank you for that, at least.

KURTZ: Herr Hauptman. Herr Hauptman!

SHÄFER: Feldwebel Kurtz.

KURTZ: I have something you should see.

DOCTOR: Oh, don't mind me. I'm sure it's nothing I haven't seen already.

SHÄFER: Take the prisoner to solitary.

GUARD: Jawohl.

DOCTOR: This way, is it?

SHÄFER: So, what concerns you, Feldwebel?

KURTZ: The spy told you about his travelling machine, I hope?

SHÄFER: He would not talk.

KURTZ: He should be made to talk.

SHÄFER: It is not necessary. The machine is being examined. We do not have to extract its secrets from the Doctor.

KURTZ: But Herr Hauptmann, every minute is important. This technology could decide the outcome of the war.

SHÄFER: I am not fighting a war, Feldwebel. I am doing my duty.

KURTZ: It is the duty of all Germans to aid the war effort. The spy needs to be taught respect, as does his companion.

SHÄFER: Has the girl been troublesome?

KURTZ: I can deal with her. She would not surrender her clothing, that is all. I will take two guards and

SHÄFER: Why? She has not been fighting. She is clean.

KURTZ: It is procedure, female or not.

SHÄFER: No, Kurtz.

KURTZ: Very well, Herr Hauptmann, if you insist.

SHÄFER: You had something else to tell me?

KURTZ: No. No, it is nothing. I only wished to report that the girl was carrying some escape equipment. A rope ladder, tools. I know what to do with them.

SHÄFER: I am sure you do, Feldwebel. Dismissed.

(Kurtz leaves.)

SHÄFER: I'm sure you know every rule and regulation in the book.

KURTZ [OC]: You. You! I left the girl McShane in this cell.

GUARD [OC]: Ja, Herr Feldwebel. I saw her through the spyhole. She made an insulting gesture towards me.

KURTZ [OC]: Then why can I not see her now?

GUARD [OC]: I do not know, Herr

KURTZ [OC]: You left your post.

GUARD [OC]: I helped to escort the prominer to their rooms, but this door is locked, mein Herr.

(Door unlocked.)

GUARD: The girl could not have

KURTZ: These spies have many secrets. They must be watched at all times. All times, do you hear me? We may not rest so long as they are our prisoners.

(Ace attacks.)

ACE: You got that right, Kurtz.

GUARD: Halt! Halt. Hände hoch.

ACE: Trust him to bring a friend along.

KURTZ: You have gone too far this time. You have attacked an officer of the German Reich.

ACE: Don't take it so personally. I only threw a sheet over your head.

KURTZ: Do you know what the penalty is for such an action?

ACE: You're not going to shoot me? You can't.

KURTZ: No, not this time. But I could have you court-martialled and executed.

ACE: I told you, I'm no spy. You can't court-martial me.

KURTZ: Just executed, then. If I were to report this incident.

ACE: If?

KURTZ: You owe me a favour now, Fraulein. I will expect to be shown special kindness from now on.

(Klaxon sounds. Door opens.)

DOCTOR: Ah, Captain Schäfer. Good morning.

SHÄFER: You're out of bed, Herr Doktor.

DOCTOR: And waiting. Here.

SHÄFER: What is, what is this? The bullet that was in your shoulder?

DOCTOR: It must have worked itself loose. Now, what are our plans for this morning?

SHÄFER: The er Camp Doctor is here. I will take you to see him.

DOCTOR: There's really no need.

SHÄFER: I think that there is. So long as you are under my care, you will not say that you were not afforded basic human rights.

DOCTOR: If only all your colleagues were so concerned about my health.

SHÄFER: You are aware that you will be questioned?

DOCTOR: I can't say it wasn't expected.

SHÄFER: Our men have been unable to enter your machine.

DOCTOR: What a shame for them.

SHÄFER: It will be a shame for you, Herr Doktor. I warned you last night what would happen. The

Commandant has already made a report to German High Command. They want that machine.

DOCTOR: And I suppose they'll go to any lengths to obtain it.

SHÄFER: If they must, they will hand you over to the Gestapo. You will not like their methods.

DOCTOR: Your concern is appreciated, Captain, but unnecessary.

SHÄFER: Come with me, Doctor. We can have that shoulder examined at least.

DOCTOR: I told you

SHÄFER: There's no argument.

ACE: Doctor! Doctor!

GOWER: Excuse me, Miss.

ACE: I'm sorry, they've got my friend over there. I can't get to him. Doctor! Where are they taking him?

GOWER: Sickbay, by the looks of it.

ACE: I just wanted to talk to him. He'll know what to do.

GOWER: Flying Officer Bill Gower. You must be Miss McShane.

ACE: What? Oh, yeah. Yeah, if you like.

GOWER: I suppose I should say welcome to Colditz.

ACE: Yeah, I've already had the reception committee.

GOWER: Oh yes, you got Kurtz, didn't you. Don't worry, they're not all like him. Look, the chaps and me,

don't take this the wrong way, but a young lady like you in a place like this.

ACE: You want to know what I'm doing here. Fair enough. It was all just a bit of a, a wrong turning really.

GOWER: Hush hush, is it? Thought it might be. Say no more.

ACE: What's happening, anyway? What are we doing in the courtyard?

GOWER: Roll call. It'll just take a few minutes.

ACE: What, again? Like the one you had first thing this morning? They didn't even let me out of my cell for that one.

GOWER: That's right. Yes, they put you in with the prominenter, didn't they?

ACE: The who?

GOWER: Here, Wilkins? You'd better get into position. Young Timothy here will show you.

WILKINS: Oh, hello again. I do hope Feldwebel Kurtz wasn't too beastly to you last night.

ACE: I can handle him, no sweat. Don't we stand with the other Brits, then?

WILKINS: No, we're counted separately. Over here, look.

ACE: Oh, I get it. The prominenter. Prominent prisoners, right? So what did you do to get the VIP treatment?

WILKINS: Nothing. I didn't do a single thing.

DOCTOR: Home sweet home. Well, Captain Schäfer, nothing to say? No observations to make?

SHÄFER: Just wait here, Doctor.

DOCTOR: You've been very quiet since we left the sickbay. Ever since your medic went to report his findings to the Camp Commandant.

SHÄFER: I, I don't know what to say.

DOCTOR: Or what to think. Because you can't quite believe it, can you?

SHÄFER: What are you doing?

DOCTOR: Put your hand here.

SHÄFER: It must have been an equipment malfunction.

DOCTOR: Now here.

SHÄFER: Unmöglich!

DOCTOR: Impossible. Yes, isn't it.

SHÄFER: This must be a joke. It's another conjuring trick.

DOCTOR: Or perhaps you just don't want to accept the alternative.

SHÄFER: And the girl?

DOCTOR: She's human. You don't need to subject her to any of your tests.

SHÄFER: This is not my concern. I must await instructions.

DOCTOR: And then do as you're told.

SHÄFER: As you say, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Just like a good little Nazi.

SHÄFER: Just like a man who only wants to do his job.

ACE: I'm telling you, I almost got out of here. If Kurtz hadn't brought that other thug in with him

PRISONER: I wish I'd seen his face when he found this one behind the door. Hey, sir. How about getting her on the escape committee?

(General approval.)

GOWER: All right, chaps, turn it down. She's trying her best.

ACE: Don't talk to me like I'm still a kid. I've got out of better prisons than this one.

GOWER: Got another plan, have you?

ACE: Might have. Next time I might pretend I'm ill. I'll lure the sentry inside and

(Laughter.)

GOWER: Ace, do you really have any idea what would have happened to you if you had managed to get past Kurtz last night?

ACE: I'd have got out of that cell!

GOWER: And into this courtyard.

ACE: Yes.

GOWER: With Kurtz behind you, surrounded by buildings a hundred feet high, sentries at the only gate, more sentries outside, a barbed wire fence and a cliff beyond that. And even if you had got out of the castle, you'd have been alone and hunted in a hostile country.

ACE: I don't need to do all that. I just need to free the Doctor.

GOWER: An escape artist, is he, this Doctor?

ACE: He can get out of anything. He picks locks, and distracts people with sleight of hand, or just bluffs his way out of. (hubbub) What's up with you lot? I can help you here. Do you think I'm a spy or something, is that what it is?

GOWER: No, Miss. We don't think you're a spy. Not for the Jerrys, anyway.

ACE: Then why all the bull? This is Colditz Castle, right? Must be a hundred and one ways to escape from here. That's what it's famous for!

GOWER: Famous? I don't know about that.

ACE: What about the ropes, and the escape kits. And oh, and the chapel tunnel, what about that?

GOWER: You seem quite well informed.

ACE: I've played the board game.

GOWER: Now, if you know as much as you claim, then you'll know that this is the escaper's prison.

ACE: Right.

GOWER: I mean, it's where they put those officers who've escaped from other camps. You can't just walk out of Colditz, young lady. There are more guards here than inmates. This is the most secure prison in Germany.

DOCTOR: Well, well. Sergeant Kurtz, isn't it? I see you've brought along your rifle with you.

KURTZ: That bullet was just the start, Doctor, if you don't cooperate.

DOCTOR: Straight to the threats. How very efficient. Do your superiors know that you're here in my cell?

KURTZ: That is not your concern. I wish to know about your machine.

DOCTOR: And you have ways of making me talk, I suppose.

KURTZ: If you do not, then I will put my questions to your friend.

DOCTOR: I don't think you'd understand the answers, Kurtz.

KURTZ: What did the camp doctor learn about you?

DOCTOR: Ah. So it isn't my machine you're interested in after all.

KURTZ: I would know all your secrets.

DOCTOR: But then some of them aren't just my secrets, are they? I mean, why not ask your medic himself what he found out, Kurtz? Or your Commandant? Or Captain Schäfer? Come to that, why haven't they told you already?

KURTZ: I'm asking the questions.

DOCTOR: But you seem more interested in your colleagues than you are in me. Why is that? Worried that they're keeping secrets from you? Afraid they don't consider you important?

KURTZ: Be silent!

DOCTOR: I thought you wanted me to talk, but then perhaps you don't know what you want. Most of the guards here don't belong to the Nazi party, do they, but you sympathise with their cause.

KURTZ: I am loyal to the Führer.

DOCTOR: But you aren't prepared to die for him, are you? You're a long way from the trenches.

KURTZ: My work here is important.

DOCTOR: More important than fighting? More important than maiming and killing your foes in the name of your glorious everlasting Reich?

KURTZ: Don't push me, Doctor. I will have you tortured.

DOCTOR: Oh, I don't doubt it. I don't doubt that you're prepared to do anything, go to any lengths, so long as your victims never, ever, fight back.

KURTZ: Be silent!

DOCTOR: Anything to relieve your frustrations, because you found out just how important you are to the people who run this camp, haven't you? You don't like the answer.

KURTZ: Silence or I will kill you!

GOWER: There have been escape attempts, yes. Well over a hundred. Most failed. We haven't had a home run in over a year.

ACE: So you've all given up?

GOWER: No, it's every captured officer's duty to escape, but it's harder now than ever. Goons are more alert, especially around the prominenter. Every time they find an escape route, we lose it for ever.

ACE: I don't care. I've got to try.

GOWER: Do you know what happened to the last chap who tried? He was killed. Goons shot him as he climbed the fence down in the park. At best you're looking at a month in solitary.

ACE: If we get caught.

GOWER: You're not listening, Miss. Even if we could get you out of here, it would take time to organise. You mentioned the tunnel under the chapel. Took the French officers over a year to dig that, till the Goons discovered it.

ACE: No.

GOWER: Nowadays they have a motion detector in the walls. We can't dig so much as an inch without them hearing. I'm sorry, but if you thought escaping from Colditz was going to be easy, then you'd better think again. Fast.

(The Doctor being strangled. A woman speaks.)

KLEIN: Stop that, Feldwebel. Leave the prisoner alone.

KURTZ: And who are you?

KLEIN: My name is Klein, and you will do as I instruct you.

KURTZ: On whose authority? You have no uniform. I do not
KLEIN: Here is my authority.
KURTZ: I apologise, mein Dame. I had no
KLEIN: What is your name?
KURTZ: Feldwebel Kurtz. I
KLEIN: Bring me the Doctor's companion, Feldwebel.
KURTZ: Jawohl. (leaves)
KLEIN: And you must be the Doctor.
DOCTOR: Yes. What do you want with Ace?
KLEIN: I want your key.
DOCTOR: My key? I'm not sure I
KLEIN: You have it about your person.
DOCTOR: I have been searched.
KLEIN: And you will surrender it to me. Now.
DOCTOR: You seem very sure of what I might do.
KLEIN: I know that you will obey me.
DOCTOR: Will I?
KLEIN: Yes, Doctor. It is quite simple. Feldwebel Kurtz is bringing your friend Ace here. Now you will give me the key to your Tardis, or I'll have her shot.

[Part Two]

DOCTOR: How do you know about my Tardis?
KLEIN: That doesn't matter, Doctor. I have given you an ultimatum.
DOCTOR: You can't shoot Ace. She's a prisoner of war protected by the terms of the Geneva Convention.
KLEIN: A mere piece of paper.
DOCTOR: Oh. And is that how you see my companion? A mere human life? Is that your philosophy?
KLEIN: The world is at war. Lives are being lost each minute of each day. People fall to lie in unmarked graves. Who will care about one single girl when the dust settles?
DOCTOR: And I'm sure you can arrange a suitable cover-up, can't you?
KLEIN: If it were necessary, yes. But then, what evidence is there that you and your friend even existed in 1944?
DOCTOR: I wouldn't mind a look at those papers myself, Klein. I'd like to see which department of the German government is sanctioning your actions.
KLEIN: Surrender your Tardis, Doctor, or Ace dies. There will be no further discussion.

WILKINS: Miss McShane, what are you doing up here?
ACE: Oh, just thinking, that's all.
WILKINS: About what Gower said?
ACE: You heard all that, did you?
WILKINS: I didn't need to. I got the same lecture when I arrived. And it's rubbish. You were right, escape plans are being made all the time. Do you know what they're doing right now? They're building a glider.
ACE: You're kidding!
WILKINS: They are. Everyone knows about it. They've got a secret workshop in one of the attics. They put up a false wall and everything.
ACE: Wicked. So why did Gower say
WILKINS: Because you and me aren't part of his circle, that's why.
ACE: Ah.
WILKINS: They're queuing up for a chance to get out of Colditz, but Flying Officer Gower and his cronies run the escape committee. They pick out their favourites to go, and the rest of us have to sit it out.
ACE: No way.
WILKINS: Well, I'll show them. I've been working on my own escape plan.
ACE: Yeah?
WILKINS: It's almost ready. Gower knows nothing about it. No one does. But I need some help. I need somebody like you.
ACE: You're pretty determined, aren't you? No offence, Tim, but I just didn't pick you out as the type
WILKINS: I don't want to die in this place.
ACE: What makes you think you'll die here?
WILKINS: The war's almost over. The Jerrys can see they're losing.
ACE: But that's good, isn't it?
WILKINS: Not if you stand to be used as a hostage when the Allies invade.
ACE: Oh.
WILKINS: They've moved the prominenter to Colditz from camps all over the country. They wouldn't be doing

that without a reason. Whichever side wins this war, Miss, I don't think it's going to make a difference to us.

ACE: Look, Tim, you don't have to keep calling me Miss, you know.

WILKINS: You haven't told me your first name.

ACE: It's, well, it's Dorothy. But if you repeat that, I'll brain you. My friends call me, ah, no, actually. I think we'll stick with McShane for now. Just drop the Miss, okay?

WILKINS: If that's what you want.

KURTZ: Fraulein McShane, I've been searching for you.

ACE: Well, I haven't been anywhere. Yet.

KURTZ: You will accompany me.

ACE: You wish. I don't take orders from Nazi scum.

WILKINS: You can't talk to an officer like that.

ACE: I want to see the Doctor. What have you done to him?

KURTZ: If you will come with me, I have been instructed to take you to your colleague.

ACE: Oh. Oh, that's all right, then. So why didn't you just say so?

KLEIN: Ah, Doctor, listen. I think the good Feldwebel has done as I told him.

(Door opens.)

ACE: Doctor, what's happening? Who's your lady friend?

DOCTOR: She's no friend, Ace.

KLEIN: Thank you, Feldwebel. I have one more task for you.

KURTZ: Meine Dame?

KLEIN: The girl has lost control. She attacked me. Sadly it has become necessary to shoot her.

ACE: Eh?

DOCTOR: You can't really be this cold-blooded, Klein.

KLEIN: Make sure you aim to kill.

ACE: What's going on?

DOCTOR: She wants the Tardis.

KLEIN: And the Doctor values your life enough to give it to me. You have your orders, Feldwebel Kurtz. Proceed.

KURTZ: It will be my pleasure.

ACE: Don't give in to her, Doctor. Don't give her the satisfaction.

KLEIN: Make a move, Doctor, and I'll shoot you. The left kneecap, I think.

ACE: You know I'm ready to die if I have to.

DOCTOR: You have no idea what you're asking of me, Klein. In the wrong hands, that technology could be more dangerous than you could possibly imagine.

KLEIN: Last chance, Doctor.

ACE: Do something, Doctor.

DOCTOR: No, don't shoot! I'll, I'll give you what you want, Klein. I'll give you my Tardis. Just don't do anything to harm Ace.

KLEIN: You have made the right choice, Doctor.

DOCTOR: You gave me no choice.

KLEIN: I know. Stand down, Feldwebel.

ACE: There's no need to look so disappointed about it.

KLEIN: Come along, Doctor. I see no reason to delay. I have requested that Hauptmann Schäfer join us there.

ACE: I'm sorry, Doctor.

DOCTOR: It wasn't your fault, Ace. And we aren't beaten yet.

KLEIN: On the contrary, you are under my control.

DOCTOR: What more do you want from me, Klein? I've agreed to give you the key to my ship.

KLEIN: I want you to use that key. You will let me into your Tardis. Just in case you were planning any surprises, Kurtz, remain here and watch the girl.

KURTZ: But surely, I should come to the Kommandantur

KLEIN: That will not be necessary

KURTZ: This man is dangerous.

KLEIN: And the girl is my insurance. Should you hear or even suspect that anything has happened to me, then she is to suffer a fatal accident. Doctor?

DOCTOR: (sotto) Play on his paranoia, Ace.

ACE: (sotto) Gotcha. See you later, Doctor.

KURTZ: No whispering.

ACE: Or you'll do what, stick that rifle in my face again?

KURTZ: If I am so ordered.

ACE: Oh, that's what they all say. You're just the hired gun around here, aren't you. And it's pretty clear what your boss lady thinks of you.

KURTZ: I wish to talk with you about this device.

ACE: My CD Walkman.

KURTZ: No, Fraulein, it belongs to us now.

ACE: I don't want it back anyway. You fragged it.

KURTZ: How do I make it work?

ACE: You don't pull half the wires out the back, for a start. And you've lost one of the batteries. What are you still doing with it, anyway? I thought you were handing it in.

KURTZ: I am examining this device on behalf of the Reich.

ACE: And Klein doesn't mind? Looked to me like she didn't want you anywhere near the important stuff.

KURTZ: Be silent!

ACE: She'll be with the Commandant now, taking all the credit for your hard work. And I bet she'll never tell you what she finds in our machine.

KURTZ: Then I shall have that information from you.

ACE: I don't think so, Kurtz. You're supposed to be keeping an eye on me. Can't hurt me without the boss lady's say-so, can you? Now follow me to the mess hall, like a good little lap-dog. Heel, boy. Heel. Come on.

DOCTOR: Please, Klein, at least listen to me. You don't understand what you're meddling with.

KLEIN: Don't patronise me, Doctor. I understand far more than you give me credit for.

SHÄFER: It's incredible. It's

KLEIN: It's a time machine, Shäfer. The Doctor refers to it as his Tardis, and it belongs to you now. To you and your Commandant. Give him the key, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Do you think humanity is ready for this? I mean, do you think a species that is fighting a world war can be trusted with a technology that could end all life on this planet, in this universe?

KLEIN: The key, Doctor. That's better.

SHÄFER: What is this place? How does it even fit in here?

KLEIN: What did you expect to find, the inside of a telephone box?

DOCTOR: Captain Shäfer, won't you listen to reason? The people of your era aren't meant to have this technology. The consequences

KLEIN: Then you should have sacrificed the girl, shouldn't you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: I know.

SHÄFER: I'm sorry, Herr Doktor. I cannot help you. All this, this is not my responsibility. I should not

KLEIN: Are your dreams so limited, Shäfer? Think what this machine can do, what you could achieve. You could make great advances, undo past defeats, explore new worlds. This room is just the start of the greatest journey you will ever undertake.

SHÄFER: No, I should report this. The Commandant will want to know what I have seen. I. Excuse me, meine Dame, I must go.

KLEIN: Whatever you think best, Shäfer. Whatever your blinkered little mind thinks best.

DOCTOR: And what about you, Klein? What new worlds do you wish to explore? One where everybody bows down to you, perhaps? One in which humanity is remade in your image?

KLEIN: Nothing so vulgar. I will leave your machine to Shäfer and his colleagues. Now he has seen it, he will be eager to learn more. But the Tardis is not what I want.

DOCTOR: No?

KLEIN: I'm surprised you hadn't realised, Doctor. No, I didn't come to this place for your Tardis. I came here for you.

ACE: Oh, Tim, this is awful. I can't believe you're eating it

WILKINS: It's all we get. Except when the Red Cross sends parcels in, and you can't rely on them getting through. You'll get used to it.

ACE: Oh, I don't think so. Do you have mashed turnips every day?

WILKINS: With a bit of meat on Sundays.

ACE: Mmm, can't wait.

WILKINS: We don't have to be here by Sunday, McShane. Have you thought about what I said yet? You know, about getting out of here?

ACE: Oh. Oh, I don't know, Tim.

WILKINS: I thought you were keen.

ACE: It's just, just. (sotto) Oh, what are you planning, anyway?

WILKINS: You think I can't do this, don't you?

ACE: (sotto) I didn't say that.

WILKINS: You're just like Gower and his cronies. You don't think I'm up to it.

ACE: (sotto) It's not that, Tim. I (sigh) You're a bit young.

WILKINS: I'm as old as you are. Almost.

ACE: (sotto) But you don't look like you've been out fighting. You don't have a uniform and, well, what are you doing here?

WILKINS: It was dashed bad luck. I'm a war reporter. I got caught behind enemy lines. It wasn't my fault.

ACE: But the Germans made you a, a prominenter.

WILKINS: I've got a cousin, haven't I? Some high muck-a-muck in the Royal Navy. I haven't seen him in ten years. The Jerrys'll still use me to get at him.

ACE: Ah, I see. Oh, pretty tough luck.

GOWER: I take it Kurtz is lurking over there for your benefit.

ACE: Oh, yeah, sorry about that. I can't seem to shake him off.

GOWER: Mind if I sit down?

ACE: It's a free country. Er, well, you know what I mean. Hey, I don't suppose you can do anything about the food? I mean, you're a, well, what was it, a Flying Officer?

GOWER: Yes, I wish I could, Miss. But don't worry, you'll get used to it.

ACE: Mmm, so I've been told. I don't think I want to.

GOWER: I'll sort you out with some jam-alk later. That'll take the taste away.

ACE: What's jam-alk? Oh, never mind. I can guess. Any good?

WILKINS: Not really. The jam is made from turnips.

ACE: Oh.

GOWER: Chin up, Miss. War can't drag on much longer. Not to judge by the latest reports. Jerry's been on the ropes since D-Day.

ACE: Reports?

GOWER: Oh, didn't you know? We have a radio set. One of our chaps listens in to the broadcasts, lets us know what's happening on the home front.

ACE: And the guards don't mind?

WILKINS: They can't find the set.

ACE: Cool.

GOWER: I don't suppose you can tell us more?

ACE: Me?

GOWER: I know a lot of your work must be top secret, but if you can say something, give the lads a bit of morale boost, something to cling on to.

ACE: I don't know. I er, oh, well, if it's er, what month is it?

WILKINS: October.

ACE: 1943.

WILKINS: Four.

ACE: Four. Yeah, four, that's what I meant to say. Well, er, yeah, I think you're right. I think the war is almost over. Next year some time.

WILKINS: (sigh) It's always next year, in a few months, not long now.

GOWER: The winter's no time for our chaps to be pushing forward, Timothy. I think we all expected to be spending another Christmas in here.

ACE: It'll be the last one, I promise.

GOWER: Thank you. You know, I think we might be able to find a use for you after all, young lady.

ACE: You mean?

GOWER: You've certainly got the enthusiasm. How would you like me to take you on the Cook's Tour?

ACE: Sounds good to me, whatever it means.

GOWER: When you've finished, then.

ACE: Oh, I'm finished. But what about the guard dog?

GOWER: I think young Timothy can handle him.

WILKINS: Me? What am I supposed to do?

GOWER: What you're good at. Complain.

WILKINS: About what?

GOWER: About the food, about anything. Just get Kurtz looking the other way for a few seconds, that's all we'll need.

ACE: Go on, Tim. Do us this one favour. I'll catch up with you later. We can talk about that other thing then.

WILKINS: Okay, I suppose so.

GOWER: Good man, Mister Wilkins. Let's get to it, then.

DOCTOR: My Tardis was a lot warmer than this, you know. We could have concluded our business back there.

KLEIN: Possibly, but here I know you cannot escape. You just have to quietly sit here until I conclude my business. I've already applied to my department for your transfer papers. Once they have arrived, we can take our leave of this cold little cell, indeed Colditz Castle altogether.

DOCTOR: You surprise me.

KLEIN: Why is that, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Because I thought these were my transfer papers.

KLEIN: Where did you get those?

DOCTOR: Oh, I'm not sure, really. It must have been as we walked back from the barracks. Yes, we bumped into each other and somehow the document just fell into my pocket.

KLEIN: Give them back.

DOCTOR: Not yet. Why?

KLEIN: I thought you had learned not to cross me.

DOCTOR: I'm especially interested in your identification papers. Forged, of course. Oh, they'll fool the staff in here, but what happens, I wonder when the real representatives of your government arrive?

KLEIN: Do I have to shoot you, Doctor?

DOCTOR: The Camp Commandant must have sent a message last night. I expect he was surprised when you arrived so promptly. That's why you're in such a hurry, isn't it, Klein

KLEIN: I don't have to answer your questions.

DOCTOR: No, and I don't have to protect your secrets.

KLEIN: What are you doing? Give me those. I'm warning you, I will use this.

DOCTOR: Too late.

KLEIN: You imbecile. Do you know what you've done?

DOCTOR: I've stopped your so-called papers from arriving. I've stopped your plan in its tracks. I've stranded you in Nazi Germany without the documents you need to keep yourself out of a prison cell like this one.

KLEIN: I can still mend these.

DOCTOR: You don't belong here, do you? A young woman arriving in a place like Oflag IV/C alone. I assume from your accent that you were brought up in Britain. Perhaps Klein isn't even your real name. I wonder how far you'll get without proper identification?

KLEIN: These papers, they're blank! What have you

DOCTOR: Done? Nothing. Nothing at all. Here, good as new.

KLEIN: How did you? No. No, I don't have time for your infantile games, Doctor.

DOCTOR: I know. So I suggest you take your precious document.

KLEIN: Thank you.

DOCTOR: And show them to the Commandant who will doubtless agree to release me into your custody without asking too many awkward questions, because you've already ensured that he has what he wants from me. You've given him my Tardis.

KLEIN: Correct.

DOCTOR: Now that we understand each other, Klein, I think it's about time we got things moving.

GOWER: And this is our last stop, the prisoner's kitchen.

PRISONER: Afternoon, sir. Giving the girl the escape tour?

ACE: That's right.

GOWER: That is where Pat Reid went out, this window. See that flat roof down there? That's the German cookhouse. Pat and his team climbed down from there out into the outer courtyard.

ACE: Ah, that's where the Doctor and me were caught.

GOWER: They crossed the lawn behind the sentry's backs. We had stooges up in the theatre and a band paying to let them know when it was safe to go. They got out through the Kommandantur, the German barracks. Four home runs.

ACE: What about those bars? You must have tools then.

GOWER: You'd be surprised what we can put together or get smuggled in. Maps, keys, Deutschmarks. It's simple enough to make a saw by filing teeth into a knife.

ACE: Take a while to get through that lot, though.

GOWER: Especially when you can't afford to be heard. If you want to be an escaper, young lady, the first thing you need to learn is patience.

(Shushing.)

ACE: Oh no.

KURTZ: So this is where you're hiding from me.

ACE: Oh, who's hiding? I just came

KURTZ: Be silent, girl!

(Slap!)

ACE: Hey!

GOWER: There's no need for that, Kurtz.

KURTZ: This is not your business, Flying Officer Gower. Now get out of here. All of you, get out!

GOWER: And leave you alone with Miss McShane? I don't think so. You do anything to her, Kurtz, she's got witnesses.

(General agreement.)

KURTZ: Very well. I shall take the girl back to her cell. Unless you want me to report that you obstructed an officer in the course of his duty, Herr Gower?

GOWER: You leave me no choice, Kurtz.

KURTZ: Come. Raus. Schnell!

ACE: All right, I can walk, you know.

KURTZ: You will not trick me again, Fraulein. I will have you confined to your quarters, where you can be watched over. (sotto) And when we are alone together, we can talk about that favour you still owe me.

ACE: Oh, no chance. Get off me! Stop pulling me, you scumbag!

GOWER: Take your hands off her, Kurtz.

KURTZ: For the second time, girl, you have assaulted a German officer.

ACE: I didn't hit you.

GOWER: I saw what happened.

KURTZ: Silence! This time I will not be so lenient. Guards!

KLEIN: It's time to go, Doctor.

DOCTOR: And not before time.

KLEIN: I wouldn't be so eager if I were you. You might be getting out of this camp, but believe me, you won't like where you're going.

DOCTOR: And where am I going?

KLEIN: You'll find out soon. In the meantime, it might interest you to know your cell won't be empty for long.

ACE: (distant) Get off me! I'm warning you, get off me!

DOCTOR: Ace? Ace! What's going on?

ACE: Doctor, it was Kurtz. I've been stitched up.

DOCTOR: Ace, you're no good to me in solitary.

ACE: It wasn't my fault. You know how his sort wind me up.

KLEIN: Say goodbye to your companion, Doctor.

ACE: What's going on?

DOCTOR: Klein and I are going on a little excursion.

ACE: Where are they taking you? Doctor?

DOCTOR: Don't worry, Ace. I'll be back soon.

ACE: Doctor!

(Door slams.)

KLEIN: I hate to disappoint you, but you won't see Colditz Castle again. That isn't part of my plan.

DOCTOR: I'm not following your plan, Klein. I'm following my own.

KLEIN: Oh, pardon me. I was under the impression that you were handcuffed and completely under my power.

DOCTOR: That's where you're mistaken. I'll come with you because it suits me. Because it's high time I found out just what you want. You don't control me, Klein. Remember that.

PRISONERS: Let her go. Let her go. Let her go. Let her go.

SHÄFER: Come in, Herr Gower. We shall talk in the parcels office, where we can at least hear one another.

PRISONER: Don't you goons know how to treat a lady?

GOWER: You can't blame the chaps being angry, Schäfer.

(Door closes.)

SHÄFER: This demonstration is for the girl, I assume?

GOWER: It is. Where I come from, Herr Hauptmann, we treat the ladies with respect.

SHÄFER: In Deutschland also. But Fraulein McShane did strike an officer.

GOWER: I saw what happened. I'll testify to any enquiry that Kurtz struck the first blow.

SHÄFER: Feldwebel Kurtz's report states that

GOWER: I don't care what it states. The man's an animal.

SHÄFER: I cannot hear this about a fellow officer.

GOWER: So, you don't care how he's treated that young woman. You'll let her rot in the cooler, even face a firing squad.

SHÄFER: Of course not. I am sorry, William. I understand your concern, but I have only just heard of this matter myself.

GOWER: So what are you going to do about it?

SHÄFER: I must speak to my Commandant. I have seniority over Kurtz, but I cannot simply countermand his instructions. My hands are often tied.

GOWER: I know it's difficult.

SHÄFER: Yes, even more so in the case of this prisoner. Do you know much of her, William?

GOWER: Her work, you mean?

SHÄFER: Her work, perhaps, or her origins.

GOWER: Now you know I couldn't answer that even if I did know anything. But no, Miss McShane's been quite circumspect.

SHÄFER: Ja, ja.

GOWER: I take it you know something.

SHÄFER: I wish I could tell you. This girl and her companion, I think they are, I think they are more, I think

they are from a higher power than either of us know. I'm not sure it is wise to pry into their affairs too closely.

GOWER: I heard your High Command were interested in this Doctor fellow. Knows something, does he?

SHÄFER: I've said too much already. Tell your men I have heard their grievance and will do all I can. And here, take this. It's all I can bring today. It's not much.

GOWER: Don't worry. We'll take anything we can.

SHÄFER: I wish I could offer more than the occasional packet of biscuits or jar of jam. It's not right that you prisoners are kept on starvation rations.

GOWER: It's appreciated, believe me. And, as usual, no one will know where these came from. Oh, one last thing.

SHÄFER: Yes?

GOWER: These rumours of a machine.

SHÄFER: Perhaps one day, William, we will look back on this ordeal together, and I can tell you of the things I have seen. For today, I fear, as you have your secrets, so too we must keep ours.

(Constant chant of Let Her Go in the background.)

ACE: Let me go! Let me go! Let me! Hey! Is someone out there? I can hear you, you know. Doctor!

(Door unlocked and opened.)

ACE: Oh, it's you. What's up? Come to drag me away like you did my friend?

SHÄFER: I have come to release you. You may return to your quarters.

ACE: Oh? How come?

SHÄFER: You have your Oberleutnant Gower to thank. Also I do not right to have a young lady placed in solitary.

ACE: So Kurtz got his butt kicked. Good.

SHÄFER: I do not condone your actions, Fraulein. You are to be placed on domestic duties as a punishment. Tomorrow you'll be taken to the Kommandantur to clean and cook for the German officers.

ACE: Talk about women's lib. What about the Doctor? My friend, the Doctor? Shäfer, what have you done to him?

SHÄFER: I do not know any Herr Doktor.

ACE: You were with him this morning. That Klein woman took him away somewhere about an hour ago. Now hold on a minute. What's going on here?

SHÄFER: You are mistaken. There have been no women in this camp for many months, yourself excepted.

ACE: Don't give me that. I want to know where the Doctor is.

SHÄFER: I cannot help you. (unintelligible) Fraulein, but I can find no record of this friend of yours detained in Oflag IV/C.

ACE: What?

SHÄFER: There has been no prisoner of that name in Colditz.

PRISONER: She's out!

(Cheers and applause.)

KLEIN: Come on, Doctor. Out. That is all, driver. You are dismissed.

DOCTOR: I trust you know what you're doing, Klein. We seem to be a long way from civilisation. If I were the suspicious type I might imagine that you brought me here under false pretences.

KLEIN: If I wanted to kill you, Doctor, I would have done so at the camp.

DOCTOR: I'll assume you just want to show me your treehouse.

KLEIN: Come on, Doctor. Time to stretch your legs.

DOCTOR: Ah, excellent. And how about my arms? These handcuffs of yours do chafe rather.

KLEIN: If you don't mind, I'd rather ensure that you don't escape.

DOCTOR: I thought that was what the gun was for.

KLEIN: Move.

DOCTOR: I assume you've arranged alternative transport. It's a long way back to Colditz Castle. To anywhere, for that matter.

KLEIN: I have indeed. We will find it about a mile and half in that direction.

DOCTOR: In the forest?

KLEIN: Yes, Doctor. In the forest.

ACE: Tim!

WILKINS: McShane! What are you. I wasn't expecting any. I could have been undressing.

ACE: Never mind that now. Are we still on?

WILKINS: What?

ACE: For the escape.

WILKINS: You mean

ACE: I'm taking you up on it, but there's one condition.

WILKINS: What's that?

ACE: We go tonight.
WILKINS: We can't just
ACE: Are we doing it or not?
WILKINS: It's possible.
ACE: I've got to do this, Tim. As long as I'm in Colditz, the Doctor thinks he's got to protect me. He'll give the Nazis anything they want.
WILKINS: But we don't have long before evening roll call.
ACE: So we'd better get started.

KLEIN: Damn.
DOCTOR: I take it things aren't going as planned.
KLEIN: This is nothing to concern yourself with, Doctor.
DOCTOR: It's getting late, Klein. I don't particularly wish to spend the night out here.
KLEIN: You won't. We've strayed a little off course, that is all.
DOCTOR: I doubt that. You seem very sure of your path. I suspect you have an excellent sense of direction.
KLEIN: These trees all look the same.
DOCTOR: And I think you know we're in the right place. You just don't want to accept it.
KLEIN: Preposterous.
DOCTOR: Is it? There's an interesting indentation in the undergrowth here, Klein. A square, about two metres in area. Familiar?
KLEIN: You know, then.
DOCTOR: I should have worked it out sooner. You aren't just a stranger to this place, are you. You have a time machine of your own.
KLEIN: Not quite, Doctor.
DOCTOR: No, that's not the whole story, is it? I don't know how, I don't know where you came from, and I'm only just beginning to work out why, but you travelled here, to 1944, in *my* Tardis.

[Part Three]

KLEIN: And you, Doctor, you had something to do with this. You found a way to, to send your ship away, didn't you?
DOCTOR: Not that I'm aware of. Are you sure you left the handbrake on?
KLEIN: Tell me how to get it back.
DOCTOR: Without a remote control device, you can't.
KLEIN: Do you have one?
DOCTOR: No.
KLEIN: Why should I believe you?
DOCTOR: Why indeed.
KLEIN: We have only one option, then. We return to Colditz Castle.
DOCTOR: To collect the Tardis. The one Ace and I arrived in.
KLEIN: Precisely.
DOCTOR: Except that you've dismissed your driver. We're stranded alone in a forest, with a cold winter's night drawing in.
KLEIN: Then we shall do what I did when I first arrived here.
DOCTOR: Which was?
KLEIN: Walk to the nearest village. It's only a few hours away. We will commandeer a car and driver from the local police force.
DOCTOR: If you can make them believe your story a second time.
KLEIN: Walk, Doctor.

ACE: Okay, Tim, we're in the sickbay. Now what?
WILKINS: Shh. We shouldn't be in here, remember? Here, come and have a squint at this window.
ACE: What am I looking at?
WILKINS: The bars. I've been filing through them, you see? A few more minutes ought to do it.
ACE: So, we're out into the grounds
WILKINS: And across that terrace, then it's just a few yards to the wire.
ACE: How do we get over that?
WILKINS: We go through it.
ACE: You've got wire cutters?
WILKINS: I need to talk to Flying Officer Gower.
ACE: He'll want to know what you're planning.
WILKINS: He needn't think he can stop me. If I have to, I'll jump the bally fence.
ACE: We could just about climb it, I suppose. Take a while, though.

WILKINS: Get down.

ACE: What the? Oh, what's going on?

WILKINS: A sentry.

ACE: Right outside the window?

WILKINS: I did say I needed help.

ACE: But you didn't say anything about escaping in full view of an armed guard, Tim.

WILKINS: Look there's a closed door at the end of that terrace. It blocks the sentry's view of the window for most of his beat.

ACE: Most of it? And how are we supposed to cross the grounds?

WILKINS: Behind his back.

ACE: What? And you think when he turns round and we're sat there hacking away at the barbed wire fence he won't notice?

WILKINS: I didn't say the plan was perfect yet.

ACE: No kidding.

WILKINS: We just need to get rid of that goon.

ACE: (sigh) Come on, Tim. Let's get out of here before someone finds us. We can talk about it later.

WILKINS: Let me check through the keyhole first. Make sure there's no one at (gasp). McShane, there's someone right outside the

ACE: Gordon Bennett.

WILKINS: Door.

DOCTOR: So, let me see if I've got this straight, Klein. You were employed by the German government in 1965 to examine my Tardis, to learn its secrets. But you want my help.

KLEIN: Correct.

DOCTOR: So you came here.

KLEIN: I studied the reports of your visit to Colditz Castle in detail. I knew where to find you and how best to extract you from this era.

DOCTOR: And how to pilot the Tardis to 1944?

KLEIN: I was able to access the ship's logs, to programme it to revisit a recent destination. It did not match the coordinates exactly.

DOCTOR: Well, it is the Tardis.

KLEIN: But it came close enough. I must confess, however, that full control eludes me.

DOCTOR: As apparently does my ship.

KLEIN: That's why I need you, Doctor. You will tell me all I need to know.

DOCTOR: So, the Tardis remains in German hands after all. I don't get it back, and twenty years from now. You know, you were taking quite a risk, weren't you, Klein? Embarking on a trip through Space and Time alone in a craft that you can't fully control.

KLEIN: It was time for an empirical test of the machine.

DOCTOR: Even if it meant that your employers risked losing it? Very brave. Or perhaps very naïve? You don't understand time travel very well, do you.

KLEIN: I have studied the theoretical implications.

DOCTOR: Have you? Then how do you explain the fact that you have become responsible for my losing the Tardis in the first place?

KLEIN: Explain?

DOCTOR: A time loop, Klein. Had you not travelled to 1944 in the Tardis, then Captain Schäfer and his friends would never have gained access to it. But, had the Germans not gained access to the Tardis, then you couldn't have used it to come here.

KLEIN: No, Doctor. Kurtz would have thought to threaten your companion himself in time. I merely hastened the inevitable. I changed nothing.

DOCTOR: When you take me back to 1965, and when you take my Tardis out of your past from a point before you first got your grubby little hands on it, do you think that won't change anything either?

KLEIN: I was trying to avoid that situation, I must confess. But no matter. I can worry about the implications of the paradox later.

DOCTOR: If there is a later. You can't just dismiss history, Klein. It's more fragile than you can ever imagine.

KLEIN: I'm sure you can find a way to repair any damage.

DOCTOR: And what if I won't help you?

KLEIN: You won't have a choice.

DOCTOR: How did I know you'd say that?

KLEIN: In 1965, Doctor, the German Reich's best interrogators will have all the time they need to break your spirit.

GOWER: I expected better of you, young lady, sneaking into the sickbay without even thinking to lay on a stooge. You were lucky it was only me who saw you.

ACE: I know, but Tim said

GOWER: I think you've been paying too much attention to young Master Wilkins. I expect he's told you about old Gower and the escape committee, and how we won't let him go over the fence.

ACE: Yeah, something like that.

GOWER: We all want to get out of here, but there aren't too many opportunities these days. We can't afford to waste one.

ACE: I can see that. But shouldn't the prominenter get preference?

GOWER: They're too well guarded. You've seen for yourself. You're paraded separately, kept in single cells. Say young Timothy did manage to get out. We couldn't lay on cover for him. Goons would miss him at the next appel. They'd pick him up before he got ten miles. That'd be another route blocked up for nothing.

ACE: But if he's gonna be a hostage

GOWER: We are working on that.

ACE: Well, I'm sorry, but I can't wait that long.

GOWER: You can't mean to go through with it.

ACE: Why not?

GOWER: With that half-baked plan? What about the sentries?

ACE: There's only one. I can deal with him.

GOWER: There are two. You can't see the other chap from your window, but he'll see you all right when you step off that terrace.

ACE: Where is he?

GOWER: In a raised pagoda in the corner of the grounds. You can see him from the other side of the sickbay. And he carries a machine gun.

ACE: Ah.

GOWER: That's the problem with that oppo of yours. He doesn't think things through. He's too naïve, too careless. Even if he could escape, he wouldn't get far. He's not made of the right stuff.

ACE: There's got to be a way. I can handle the nearest sentry. If Tim distracts him I can sneak up behind him and knock him out. Then

GOWER: Hold on a minute, young lady. That's one thing we don't do.

ACE: Why not?

GOWER: Do you know what the penalty is for attacking a German officer?

ACE: (sigh) Yeah. Someone mentioned it.

GOWER: Even with the best plan in the world, odds are you'd still be picked up before you reached the border. And if you've gone through even one goon to get out of here, they'll have you up before a firing squad. It's not worth the risk.

ACE: It is to me. I keep telling you, I've got to do this. I just need to get out of this prison for a few days, maybe even a few hours. Just long enough for the Doctor to turn the tables on that Klein woman.

GOWER: Oh?

ACE: After that I can disappear, more completely than you can imagine. I can't explain it all to you, but it is important.

GOWER: It has to be tonight?

ACE: The sooner the better.

GOWER: Okay, then.

ACE: What? You mean you'll help me?

GOWER: If you say it's important, and I suppose I have reason to believe there is more to this than you can say.

ACE: There is.

GOWER: All right, Miss McShane. I won't ask your reasons, but you'll need someone with you. Someone who knows the ropes. Someone who can get you some papers and basic provisions for a start.

ACE: Someone like you?

GOWER: I'll have a word with the Escape Officer, get it teed up.

ACE: It's Tim's plan, though. He's got to come too.

GOWER: He'll be a liability.

ACE: I'll look out for him.

GOWER: Yes, you like to get your own way, don't you?

ACE: I'm used to it. So when do we go?

GOWER: After last roll call. That way we'll still have till morning before the pair of you are missed. And once the floodlights come on, they'll cast part of that fence into shadow, and that's where we'll attack it.

ACE: Aren't we taken to our cells after roll call?

GOWER: Not if you report sick.

ACE: Ah, see? The old ones are the best.

GOWER: Say you've got food poisoning. That should be easy to believe.

ACE: Not far from the truth, either.

GOWER: Get yourself sent to sickbay for the night. I'll join you there when I can.

ACE: How?

GOWER: I'll lay on a distraction. Should be easy enough to find a few chaps up for a bit of goon-baiting. We've got keys for almost every door in this place. Instead of going up to our quarters, I'll just slip into the sickbay.

ACE: And what about the sentry? The one in the pagoda.

GOWER: You leave him to me.

(An owl hoots.)

DOCTOR: The German Reich? (laughs) I should have known. The oldest paradox in the book. The most obvious mistake. Land at the wrong place, make the wrong move, let the wrong side win.

KLEIN: What are you jabbering about?

DOCTOR: Oh, you wouldn't understand, Klein. You have your own perspective. A limited perspective. You've never seen better, don't know the damage I've done.

KLEIN: If this is a trick

DOCTOR: Well, tell me all about your world, Klein. I mean, tell me about 1965.

KLEIN: You must have seen it for yourself.

DOCTOR: I've seen people learning how to be free, learning new experiences, new forms of self-expression, banding together to combat inequality and injustice. I can't imagine that your world is very similar.

KLEIN: Are you trying to imply that my time shouldn't come to exist, that Germany should never have won this war? You are wrong.

DOCTOR: Am I?

KLEIN: You want to change history.

DOCTOR: Not change it. Put it back on the right track.

KLEIN: According to whom?

DOCTOR: According to what I've seen.

KLEIN: And what about the world I've seen? The world of the future, Doctor. An efficient, peaceful, prosperous world. A golden age.

DOCTOR: Built on how many corpses! Oh, I'm sure your trains run on time, Klein, but was it worth the bloodshed? Was it worth the slaughter of millions?

KLEIN: Yes.

DOCTOR: No! It's never worth it, Klein. There's no excuse for genocide.

KLEIN: So, what's your next move, Doctor? If you are so concerned that the Allies should win World War Two, why not go further back in time? Fight for those who were conquered and enslaved by the British Empire? Save the Indians from the new English settlers? Drive away the Viking invaders?

DOCTOR: No!

KLEIN: And yet you would interfere in this conflict.

DOCTOR: I've already interfered. That's the problem!

KLEIN: If you have, then you have changed things for the better. You were right. I was born in England, Doctor. Can you imagine what it was like for the child of German parents, living in London during the war? Does it surprise you so much that I welcomed a German victory?

DOCTOR: No. But then you have blue eyes, don't you, and blonde hair? How very fortunate indeed for you.

KLEIN: Say what you like, Doctor, but don't tell me there is no excuse for genocide. Not when you wish to wipe out everything I know.

ACE: So I discussed it with Gower and he reckoned that we

(Door opens.)

WILKINS: Hey! Does nobody ever knock around here?

KURTZ: Herr Wilkins, get out of this room.

ACE: Not you again.

WILKINS: This is my cell.

KURTZ: Get out! I wish to speak to Fraulein McShane alone.

ACE: Go on, Tim.

WILKINS: What?

ACE: It's okay.

WILKINS: All right. But I'm going to fetch Flying Officer Gower.

(Door closes.)

ACE: Go on then, Kurtz. Make it quick. You heard Tim. There'll be British officers all over this place in a minute.

KURTZ: If I had my way you would still be in solitary, away from your friends.

ACE: Who needs them? Touch me again and you'll be singing soprano.

KURTZ: We shall see how defiant you are tonight. You are still in a single cell, Fraulein. I can dismiss the sentry from the prominer block.

ACE: I, I'll yell the place down.

KURTZ: Hmm. Nobody will come. We will have many hours together, you and I, to reach an understanding. I think we could become friends, in time.

ACE: Fat chance of that, you Nazi toad. I won't even be here.

KURTZ: What?

ACE: You heard me. I won't be here. I need to see a doctor. I'll be spending the night in sickbay, with other people. My guts are churning.

KURTZ: Your request is refused.

ACE: I wasn't asking you. I'll talk to one of the proper officers.

KURTZ: You cannot avoid me for ever.

ACE: Don't bet on it.

KURTZ: I can be patient, Fraulein. You will be in this camp for a long time. You will cooperate, eventually.

ACE: In your dreams, Kurtz.

KLEIN: This is an academic argument, Doctor. You are my prisoner, and I don't plan to let you interfere in my past.

DOCTOR: I wish I could make you understand.

KLEIN: Now come, we have delayed long enough. I ordered you to move.

DOCTOR: Just tell me one thing, Klein. What happened to me in your timeline, in my future? Why don't I get my Tardis back?

KLEIN: No, Doctor, you would use that information against me.

DOCTOR: But Ace, what about Ace? Will she be stranded here? Will she be safe? Come on, Klein, you can tell me that at least.

KLEIN: I have no reason to keep it from you, I suppose. Tonight your companion will try to escape from Colditz Castle. She will be betrayed by a co-conspirator. Feldwebel Kurtz will be waiting.

DOCTOR: What happened to her? Tell me.

KLEIN: She dies.

SHÄFER: What did you want to see me about, Herr Gower?

GOWER: I need your help, Julius. I need something from you.

SHÄFER: What is it?

GOWER: Two of the prominenter have been confined to sickbay with stomach cramps.

SHÄFER: But what can I do?

GOWER: Kurtz has ordered a sentry to watch them through the night. I want you to dismiss him.

SHÄFER: I cannot do that.

GOWER: You could find an excuse.

SHÄFER: And one of these prisoners would be Fraulein McShane?

GOWER: Maybe.

SHÄFER: You ask too much.

GOWER: It's only one small favour.

SHÄFER: You want me to assist in what can only be an escape attempt. I would be shot.

GOWER: She has to get out of here. You probably know that better than I do.

SHÄFER: Bringing small items in is one thing, but this? No, William, no. The best I can do for you is to forget that we had this conversation.

GOWER: I'm sorry, I can't let you do that.

SHÄFER: What are you saying?

GOWER: I'm asking you to help us, like you've helped us before.

SHÄFER: Yes but

GOWER: And if you don't cooperate, then I'll go to the Camp Commandant. I'll tell him everything. All about your smuggling operation, all about the things you've turned a blind eye to.

SHÄFER: You would not.

GOWER: Yes, I would. I don't want to have to do it. As goons go, you're not such a bad sort. But my first concern, my duty as a British officer, has to be to the escape effort.

SHÄFER: I trusted you, Herr Gower. I thought we had become friends. Were you planning to betray me from the start?

GOWER: We're on opposite sides, Herr Shäfer. Maybe you can forget that, but while I'm a prisoner in this rotten camp of yours, I'm afraid I can't.

WILKINS: I can't go through with it. I thought I could, but now that it's so close. I mean, it's so far to the border, and there's my asthma to think about, and my dodgy toe, and I'm just not cut out to go on the run. I see that now. I just can't do it. Don't look at me like that. I just don't think I can do it. I, I'm not brave enough.

KURTZ: And so you choose to betray your comrades?

WILKINS: I'm not betraying them, Herr Kurtz. I er

KURTZ: You are correct, Herr Wilkins. You have no courage at all. If I were a prisoner I would take any

chance I had to escape. It would be my duty.

WILKINS: But it's impossible! I mean, I'm probably saving the others from being shot by the Gestapo.

KURTZ: And what do you hope to gain from this?

WILKINS: Nothing. Well, you will tell your Commandant that I cooperated, won't you? It will be in your report.

KURTZ: Ah, now I see.

WILKINS: I shouldn't be with the prominenter. I hardly know my cousin, this naval chap. He won't care about me. You won't gain anything by threatening my life.

KURTZ: I would not worry too much, Herr Wilkins. The prominenter are to be used in the event of an Allied invasion. If you are typical of the English character, then I think we shall have to wait a long time for that.

DOCTOR: You can't make me walk any further, Klein. Ace is going to die whatever I do. You have no hold over me anymore.

KLEIN: I can shoot you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Yes. But you won't. You aren't a killer.

KLEIN: Do you want to find out?

DOCTOR: And even if you were, you need me. I mean, without me you can't control the Tardis. You can never go home.

KLEIN: I need your mind, Doctor. I don't care what condition your body is in.

DOCTOR: You should, if you expect me to walk out of this forest with you.

KLEIN: Move, Doctor. Oh, what are you doing?

DOCTOR: Escaping. More specifically, shackling you to a tree with your own handcuffs. Ha, ha.

KLEIN: I still have my gun.

DOCTOR: Yes. But it's not easy to aim properly, is it? Now then, this is the key to those handcuffs. Here. You strike me as being quite resourceful, Klein, and that key didn't land too far away from you. I'm sure it won't take you more than say, half an hour, to work out a way of reaching it?

KLEIN: I'm warning you.

DOCTOR: Sorry. No time to talk. You see, I've got to get back to Colditz Castle to stop a friend of mine from doing something unwise.

KLEIN: It's too late, Doctor.

DOCTOR: It's never too late. There's always hope. In fact, I think I can hear your golden age beginning to crumble already.

KLEIN: Doctor. Come back, Doctor. Doctor!

(Three gunshots.)

SHÄFER: The bombers have returned, I hear. They seem to come more often with each passing week. And this war, I think, is almost over.

KURTZ: You sound as if you want it to end, Herr Hauptmann. Perhaps you would like our enemies to win?

SHÄFER: I did not say that.

KURTZ: You cannot blame me for wondering. You treat the girl McShane like a guest. She attacked me twice.

SHÄFER: She's a young lady, Feldwebel, and it was on the Camp Commandant's orders that she was taken from the solitary.

KURTZ: At your request. And now I find that you have dismissed the sentry I detailed to watch her tonight.

SHÄFER: We have only so many men. I thought it more important to guard the travelling machine. There are only two prisoners in the sickbay.

KURTZ: Both prominenter.

SHÄFER: The door is locked, and there is a sentry in this courtyard as always. They cannot leave.

KURTZ: Can they not, Herr Schäfer?

SHÄFER: Perhaps you are right. I think perhaps I would like this war to end, whatever the outcome. Do you never wonder what we are achieving here?

KURTZ: We are doing our duty.

SHÄFER: But to what end, Kurtz? There are more guards than prisoners in Oflag IV/C. This camp keeps more German soldiers from the front line acting out our daily routines than it does our foes.

KURTZ: That is not important. It is we who are in command here.

SHÄFER: Is it? Sometimes I wonder. Sometimes I feel that we are as much prisoners of Colditz Castle as anyone.

WILKINS: They've gone. Mister Gower, you can come out from under the bed now.

GOWER: At last. Okay, we've wasted a lot of time waiting for Kurtz to move on. We need to do this fast. Miss McShane, did you finish cutting through the bars?

ACE: Yeah. I replaced them with those cardboard ones like you said. And we knotted together a few ropes from the sheets.

GOWER: I need you to help me with this greatcoat. Mister Wilkins, I'll need a board from that bed.

WILKINS: What for?

ACE: For the sentry, what'd you think?

GOWER: And take these gloves for the wire. You'll need some too, Miss.

WILKINS: I thought we had cutters.

GOWER: We don't have time. I can make a few snips, but we're going to have to force our way through the best we can.

ACE: Hold on a sec. I'm trying to get this cap right. Are you sure this disguise is going to work?

GOWER: I think our people did an excellent job. The dye on this coat has come out very well.

ACE: Yeah, but your belt and cap band are made out of cardboard and shoe polish. And this holster.

GOWER: It's worked before. One of the chaps climbed out of that very window in a get-up just like this one. Persuaded three goons and their guard commander and sent them back to barracks.

WILKINS: Didn't work with the fourth though, did it.

ACE: What happened?

WILKINS: They shot him.

GOWER: Yes, well, er, we only need to fool two goons tonight, and one of them is a long way away.

ACE: Fair enough. Let's do it, then. Give me that board.

GOWER: Not so fast. I'll deal with the sentry.

ACE: Oh no, you won't.

GOWER: I'm sorry, Miss, but this is a man's job. I can lure our chap out onto the terrace where the goon in the pagoda can't see him

ACE: And I'll be behind him at the end of the terrace in the shadow of that clothes store building. He won't even see me.

WILKINS: Whoever's going to do it, can you decide quickly?

GOWER: He's right. The shift change is due soon.

ACE: I'm doing it. I've already hit Kurtz twice. I can't get into any more trouble, you can.

GOWER: I suppose there's no time to argue.

ACE: I always get my own way, remember?

GOWER: Right. Timothy, your job is to keep an eye out of that window there. You see the sentry in the pagoda? He'll be climbing down from his perch soon.

ACE: And when he does, you'll need to get across the room and out the other window as fast as you can.

WILKINS: Right-o.

GOWER: Now it's going to be awkward, I know. We normally have stooges to keep watch for us, but I thought it best if as few people as possible knew about this little escapade.

ACE: The Nazi over here's just marched past again.

GOWER: Okay, everyone to their positions. Now we'll wait for him to do another round, then next time he marches out of sight, we make our break.

GUARD: Feldwebel Kurtz.

KURTZ: At ease, sentry.

GUARD: Is something wrong, mein Herr?

KURTZ: Not unless you have something to report.

GUARD: No, Herr Feldwebel. Everything is quiet.

KURTZ: Good. Resume your beat, then. Forget that I'm here. I'm simply taking in the night air.

GUARD: Jawohl. (walks on) Halt. Wer ist da? (more German) Wer ist da?

(Thwack!)

ACE: Got him. Those bed boards are a bit more sturdy than you think, aren't they?

GOWER: Make sure he's out.

ACE: I'll see to it. You'd better get out there before they come.

(Voices in distance.)

ACE: Oh, too late.

GOWER: The guard in the pagoda.

ACE: He's sussed something's up

GOWER: I'll deal with him. (speaks German)

ACE: Well done, that Flying Officer. Okay, Tim. We're halfway there. Gower's taken over the sentry's beat. He's got the guy in the pagoda fooled. Any sign of him moving?

WILKINS: Not yet. Have you got the ropes?

ACE: Got them.

WILKINS: McShane, I can't do this.

ACE: What are you talking about?

WILKINS: I've made up my mind. I don't want to slow you down. You and Gower go without me.

ACE: I'm not listening to this.

WILKINS: I think he's starting to stir. Yes, the goon in the pagoda, he's moving. He's coming down.

ACE: Right. Then we've got about thirty seconds before his replacement gets up there. I don't care if you're

nervous, just get out here. It's now or never.

WILKINS: I'll just go back to bed. I'll tell them I didn't see anything. Just go. You're out of time.

ACE: Tim!

WILKINS: Just go for the fence. Go now. Now!

SHÄFER: Frau Klein. I thought your business here was ended.

KLEIN: So did I, Schäfer. Have you seen the Doctor?

SHÄFER: The Doctor?

KLEIN: He escaped from me. Has he come back to the camp?

SHÄFER: Er, nein. In fact, we

KLEIN: So I beat him back here after all.

SHÄFER: In fact we have received a communication about the Doctor from the police at Leipzig.

KLEIN: Oh?

SHÄFER: Ja. He was apprehended whilst breaking into a car. He will be returned to us tomorrow morning.

KLEIN: Will he, indeed? Thank you, Herr Hauptmann. Now we shall see whose world is fated to die. You can't change history, Doctor.

(Snipping wires, barking dogs.)

ACE: Come on, come on! We're almost through!

GOWER: It's no use, McShane. They're on to us.

ACE: Keep trying. We can make it.

GOWER: See sense, girl. We don't have time to tie the ropes. They'll catch us on the cliff face. Don't give them an excuse to open fire.

KURTZ: So, Fraulein McShane, Flying Officer Gower, you thought you could escape on my watch. You thought you could ridicule me.

GOWER: All right, Kurtz, you don't need to use the rifle. We surrender.

KURTZ: A wise decision. I've already sent guards to deal with your friend in the sickbay. Now come with me. Come.

ACE: Hang on a minute. I'm caught on this wire.

KURTZ: You two take Herr Gower to solitary. I will deal with McShane. Now stay where you are.

ACE: Hang on, I said. I'm almost free.

KURTZ: I gave you an order and you will obey it. You may have persuaded my comrades to grant you preferential treatment, but I know my duty.

ACE: What are you going on about?

KURTZ: This escape attempt is your last act of defiance. You are an enemy of the German people and you will be dealt with as such.

ACE: So, you're going to kill me. Is that it, Kurtz?

KURTZ: Yes, Fraulein McShane, that is indeed it.

[Part Four]

ACE: And how will you explain that to your bosses?

KURTZ: My report will state that you refused to surrender, that despite my warnings you continued to force your way through the perimeter fence. I had no option but to fire.

ACE: And Klein. What about Klein? I thought you wanted to toady up to her.

KURTZ: She will know no different.

ACE: I'm still valuable to her. She needs me to keep the Doctor in line. What do you think she'll say when she finds out you got trigger-happy? Even if she believes you, you won't be her favourite person.

KURTZ: I will have done my duty.

ACE: By disobeying orders? She'll never trust you then, will she? Never take you into her confidence. So, what are you going to do, Kurtz? Are you going to take me back inside or what?

DOCTOR: Hello again, Klein.

KLEIN: Good morning, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Nice to see you made it back here in one piece.

KLEIN: Whereas, Doctor, your escape attempt was a failure.

DOCTOR: In a sense. I wasn't able to get back to the castle last night, but then, I didn't need to, did I? You were wrong, Klein. Ace didn't die.

KLEIN: It is of no consequence. As soon as I have cleared it with the Commandant, I will take you to your time machine. We will depart for 1965 immediately.

DOCTOR: Klein, Klein, Klein, have you learned nothing from me?

KLEIN: What do you mean?

DOCTOR: My warnings. I told you what would happen if you interfered with your own past.

KLEIN: Nothing has happened.

DOCTOR: Ace is alive. Oh, that might seem like a minor detail to you, but your presence here is altering your history in ways that you didn't anticipate.

KLEIN: Ridiculous.

DOCTOR: A word here, a deed there. A German Sergeant afraid of you but longing for your approval. A moment's hesitation, a decision not taken, a trigger not pulled, a page of your own history re-written.

KLEIN: I told you before, Doctor. Once we're back in my time, you will help me to overcome such difficulties.

DOCTOR: But what if your time has already ceased to exist? What if you're stranded? Cause and effect, Klein. And some effects have a rather nasty habit of spiralling out of control..

KLEIN: Then we shall have to bring them back under control. You claim that the girl's survival is a problem.

DOCTOR: No, Klein.

KLEIN: Then I shall deal with it. I will restore history to its proper course. I will order Feldwebel Kurtz to kill her at his earliest convenience.

WILKINS: And then it was swarming with guards. I tell you, it was lucky I changed my mind when I did. I knew the plan needed more work. But it was McShane, you see? She insisted on going ahead. I feel sorry for her, of course, and for Gower, but they're still in one piece, thank goodness. I expect they'll try again. I, what's going on?

SHÄFER: Take your bread, Fraulein, and find a seat. And mach schnell.

ACE: All right, all right. Blimey, Shäfer, who ate all your porridge this morning?

SHÄFER: Do as you are told.

ACE: Morning, Tim.

WILKINS: Er, good morning. I thought you'd be in solitary.

ACE: Not me. They banged Gower up, but I'm just a helpless girlie, apparently. I'm meant to be confined to my cell. They only let me out to eat. Must have decided it was too much trouble bringing me breakfast in bed.

WILKINS: I'm glad you're okay. I was just saying that to the others. Wasn't I just saying that? I'm glad they didn't shoot you or anything.

ACE: Yeah, right. You haven't come out of it too badly yourself.

WILKINS: No, well.

ACE: Weren't you in the sickbay when the Nazis raided it?

WILKINS: Oh yes, yes, they er, they dragged me out of bed and they questioned me, but I told them I wasn't involved. I said I was asleep. I mean, it wouldn't have helped you, would it, if I'd owned up.

ACE: No, Tim. It wouldn't have helped us at all.

WILKINS: Good, good. I'm glad you think like that. I don't want you to think that I

ACE: It might have helped if someone had kept his big mouth shut.

WILKINS: I don't know what you mean.

ACE: It was you, wasn't it. It was you who went and squealed. It must have been. No one else knew the plan. No one else who didn't end up in the cooler, anyway. No one else who backed out at the last minute because he knew what was coming! What's up, Tim? Nothing to say? You can talk to the Nazis but you can't talk to your own side. Is that it?

SHÄFER: What is happening here? Fraulein McShane, you are allowed out of your cell at my discretion. If you intend to cause trouble

ACE: Oh, don't worry. I wouldn't skin my knuckles on this microbe. I knew all along you weren't up to it.

You're a coward, Tim. A coward, and a pathetic little traitor.

WILKINS: You don't understand. I didn't

ACE: You can take me back to my cell now, Shäfer. I think I've lost my appetite.

WILKINS: I know what you're all thinking, but it isn't true. McShane was mistaken. Don't know where she got the idea. I mean, I didn't talk to Kurtz, or to any German officers. I didn't. I swear it. None of this was my fault.

DOCTOR [OC]: Mister Gower! Mister Gower! Are you still there?

GOWER: I'm still here, Doctor. For the next month at least, I'd say.

DOCTOR [OC]: Yes, yes. I must apologise for that. It seems my companion has got you into rather a lot of trouble. It's a talent of hers.

GOWER: Don't worry about it, Doctor. This wasn't her fault. Anyway, I'm quite used to spending time in the cooler.

DOCTOR [OC]: Ah. I wondered if you might be.

GOWER: I beg your pardon?

DOCTOR [OC]: More specifically, I wondered if you might have evolved some means of communication. A way to get messages to and from here.

GOWER: You could say that.

DOCTOR [OC]: Splendid! How's it done? Notes in the food? Tapping on the pipes in code? A friendly guard?

GOWER: My cell overlooks the courtyard. I'll shout over to someone.

DOCTOR [OC]: (laughs) Of course. There's something I have to warn my friend about. It's urgent. Also, I'd

like her to have a word in the ear of a certain German Sergeant when he next goes to see her.

ACE: Feldwebel Kurtz. I wondered how long it would take for you to come sniffing around again.

KURTZ: I thought you would wish to know that I have received new orders.

ACE: Yeah, and you always obey orders, don't you?

KURTZ: Klein wants you dead.

ACE: Hmm, surprise, surprise.

KURTZ: It will not happen yet, Fraulein. When it does, it must be made to seem that I was forced to shoot.

ACE: That sounds right. Do it on the quiet. Cover it up with lies. And what if it goes wrong? What if you get found out? Somehow I can't see Klein putting herself out to clear you of the murder.

KURTZ: That is irrelevant. I do this for the Reich. It is my duty. Well, Fraulein? Run out of words at last?

ACE: I feel sick.

KURTZ: The taste of defeat.

ACE: No. I feel sick because this is the part where I'm supposed to suck up to you. You know, suggest that we scratch each other's backs after all. I can't do it, because fascists like you make my skin crawl.

KURTZ: You had your chance to cooperate. I have my orders.

ACE: And then you ask me why you should believe me, and I say I can give you something now, as a token of good faith. Information.

KURTZ: What kind of information?

ACE: Oh, you know, the kind that could expose a traitor in Colditz. Somebody who's even fooled your Commandant. The kind that could get a lowly Feldwebel promoted.

KURTZ: And you are prepared to tell me? What would you expect in return?

ACE: Let's just say it's in both our interests.

DOCTOR: (humming to himself) Won't be long now.

(Door opens.)

KLEIN: Doctor.

DOCTOR: You look tired, Klein.

KLEIN: I'm tired of you, Doctor. Tired of your continual attempts to undermine me, to trick me.

DOCTOR: (sotto) Well done, Ace.

KLEIN: I blame myself. I should have checked my identification papers after you stole them. You changed the dates. You've made them look like forgeries.

DOCTOR: They are forgeries. As a friend of mine might just have mentioned to Sergeant Kurtz.

KLEIN: Your plan didn't work. Kurtz asked to see the documents again, but he didn't notice your handiwork.

DOCTOR: Are you sure about that? He strikes me as being quite thorough.

KLEIN: He returned them without comment.

DOCTOR: Because he's also a coward. You're here with the Camp Commandant's permission, Klein. Kurtz won't dare to confront you without absolute proof. But I don't think he'll let this go, do you?

KLEIN: It doesn't matter. We're leaving now. We're taking a ride to 1965 in your Tardis.

DOCTOR: He'll check your credentials. He'll contact the government department that you claim to represent and find he's at least ten years too early.

KLEIN: By the time he can act on that information, it will be too late.

DOCTOR: What if I don't go with you?

KLEIN: Then I'll kill you.

DOCTOR: Really? Remember, Klein, my Tardis has never been to your version of the world. It doesn't know the coordinates. You can't take it home without me.

KLEIN: I have nothing to lose now, Doctor. My main concern is getting out of this place.

DOCTOR: Maybe you don't want to go home anymore. At least, not without me. You can't go back to your employers empty-handed because they didn't sanction this little excursion into their history, did they?

KLEIN: I took the initiative. Schmidt and I

DOCTOR: Schmidt?

KLEIN: My assistant. Our government was weak. Too weak to allow me to test-drive the machine, too afraid of losing it. They would have let it rot in a forgotten laboratory. They blinded themselves to the worlds that it could show them. Schmidt thought as I do.

DOCTOR: Sounds like quite a kindred spirit.

KLEIN: He helped me to see what I should do.

DOCTOR: Steal the Tardis?

KLEIN: I took it on its long-overdue maiden voyage. I piloted it to 1944, and I was successful. I expect to be well rewarded for my vision.

DOCTOR: I'm sure you will be, just so long as you return with your prize. So, you can't afford to fail, can you, Klein?

WILKINS [OC]: Ah! Get off me! Can't you see I need a doctor? I helped you. Why am I the one being

punished? You've got to get me to a hospital. For pity's sake.

SHÄFER: Fraulein McShane?

ACE: Yeah, that's me. So what's going on down there?

WILKINS [OC]: You can't leave me here! They'll kill me!

SHÄFER: The Commandant wishes to question you and Herr Gower about last night's attempted escape.

ACE: Yeah, yeah. What's going on with Tim?

SHÄFER: He's been confined to his room for his own good.

ACE: Yeah? Kicked off in the mess hall, did it?

SHÄFER: Herr Wilkins was attacked by your comrades.

ACE: Huh. Good. He deserves everything he gets.

SHÄFER: Be silent! You're fortunate I do not charge you with incitement.

ACE: He betrayed his own side.

SHÄFER: Perhaps when you have been here longer, Fraulein, you will understand why. How you too will do anything you must to survive in this place.

ACE: Yeah. Okay. Look, he's not too badly hurt, is he? I mean, he won't die or anything.

SHÄFER: I have notified the camp doctor. He can confirm my officers reached Herr Wilkins in time.

ACE: So what happens to him now? If the others are out for his blood?

SHÄFER: He'll get his wish. He'll be transferred to another facility.

ACE: So he'll get out of Colditz after all.

KLEIN: Well, Doctor? Nothing to say now that we are in the Kommandantur and only metres away from your Tardis? I thought you would have more prophecies of doom at least.

DOCTOR: Why bother?

KLEIN: Then you accept defeat.

DOCTOR: No, Klein. I've simply accepted that I've done enough. Or rather, you have. You've already lost.

KLEIN: I won't listen to your lies again.

DOCTOR: There's only one way out of here for you. In my Tardis. If you don't take it, Kurtz will expose you. If you do, you risk wiping out your own aberrant timeline.

KLEIN: I don't think so, Doctor.

DOCTOR: An interesting choice, really. Your life for your world.

KLEIN: You asked me a question yesterday. You wanted to know what happened to you in my past.

DOCTOR: And you're ready to tell me?

KLEIN: You escaped from Colditz Castle. You took your Tardis but left the corpse of your companion behind.

DOCTOR: If I left here in the Tardis, then how

KLEIN: Because you made the mistake of returning to Germany, ten years later. The SS were waiting. They took the machine, you took six bullets. They left you for dead in a ditch.

DOCTOR: But I thought that

KLEIN: I know what you thought, and I allowed you to cling to that misconception. But the truth is, Doctor, that I won't change a thing by removing your time machine from here. It was already destined to happen.

DOCTOR: But your original plan to take me and leave my Tardis, and then

KLEIN: I was willing to let the machine spend an additional ten years in Germany's hands. What harm could it have done? But this way I can tidy up even that loose end.

DOCTOR: You'll still be creating a paradox.

KLEIN: And I have ten years in which to solve it. For instance, I can find my Tardis using the equipment on board yours. I can even take yours back to 1955 and leave it there to be discovered. Thus, no paradox. I can still win, Doctor.

KURTZ: Not so, Frau Klein. Your deception has been exposed. Now raise your hands and come with me.

DOCTOR: Sergeant Kurtz, allow me to congratulate you on your timing.

ACE: So what do you think the Camp Commandant's got to say to us?

GOWER: Nothing good, I'm sure. I don't know about you, but I won't be seeing the outside of the cooler for a long time.

SHÄFER: Be silent, both of you.

GOWER: Look, Julius, about last night.

SHÄFER: You will address me as Herr Hauptmann.

GOWER: If that's the way you want it.

SHÄFER: I do not choose for it to be this way.

(Gunshots.)

SHÄFER: Was passiert?

ACE: Gunfire!

GOWER: And in the Kommandantur.

SHÄFER: Stay back. I will deal with this.

ACE: Doctor!

DOCTOR: Ace? Ace, what are you doing here? Oh, never mind. We have to talk. It isn't the Tardis.

ACE: What isn't the Tardis?

SHÄFER: Herr Doktor, Hände hoch.

DOCTOR: Oh, don't talk nonsense, Schäfer. And put that gun down. Now listen to me, Ace. Something tipped the scales in the Na, in Klein's favour, when you arrived here. What did you bring in your rucksack with you? I have to know what was in it?

ACE: The usual stuff. You know. No explosives.

SHÄFER: Where did those shots come from?

DOCTOR: Oh, Klein and Kurtz had a difference of opinion.

ACE: Who won?

DOCTOR: I didn't wait to find out. I need you to think carefully.

ACE: About the rucksack? Kurtz took it with him. He was meant to be handing it in to someone. I don't think he did, though.

GOWER: You must be the Doctor. Bill Gower. We spoke.

DOCTOR: Oh, yes, yes, of course.

ACE: My CD Walkman!

DOCTOR: What?

ACE: My Walkman. I got it off Paul Tanner, remember, when we went to the 21st century. Kurtz was well interested in it.

DOCTOR: I'm not surprised. It's far beyond the technology of this time. If the right people analyse this device. Oh yes, yes, of course. That's the last real stumbling block. A way to enriched uranium.

ACE: What's up?

DOCTOR: Lasers! That's how the Nazis will win this war. Not with the Tardis after all. With laser technology they can build the biggest, most powerful weapons this world has ever seen.

ACE: What, laser guns?

DOCTOR: No, not guns, Ace. Bombs. Atomic bombs.

ACE: The A-bomb. You mean they could build one before

DOCTOR: Precisely. It was already a close-run race. We've just tipped the balance. We need to find that Walkman.

SHÄFER: No, Doctor. I do not understand what is happening.

DOCTOR: Well, in that case, don't interfere.

GOWER: Come on, Julius. I don't understand much of this either, but you said yourself we shouldn't ask too many questions.

SHÄFER: Do you expect me to trust you? I cannot do that anymore, Herr Gower. I can only do my duty.

DOCTOR: Then you'll have to decide what your duty is, Captain Schäfer, because we're leaving.

SHÄFER: I'm warning you, Doctor. I will fire. The Commandant

DOCTOR: The Commandant isn't here. This is your choice, your responsibility, your decision to shoot us in our backs in cold blood, one by one. I don't think you will. Come on, Ace, Flying Officer Gower. We have history to remake.

(Run off.)

SHÄFER: Damn you, Doctor. Damn you for making me doubt myself.

ACE: What about this one? Could this be Kurtz's room?

GOWER: I don't know. We've been trying to map the inside of the Kommandatur for years, but we don't often get the chance

DOCTOR: Oh, we're running out of time.

ACE: Wait. There, my rucksack! Ah, you were right, Mister Gower.

DOCTOR: Is the Walkman there?

ACE: Yep. Present and correct. Everything else too, I think.

GOWER: Is that what all the fuss was about? That little thing?

ACE: Didn't anyone tell you? It's not size that matters.

GOWER: I won't ask you what it does.

ACE: He's got a point though, Professor. One yuppie toy in the wrong place and boom! Up goes history. From what you told me, it sounds like that Klein woman did us a big favour by turning up when she did.

DOCTOR: Undoubtedly. Had it not been for her interference, then you would have been shot dead last night.

ACE: Ah. I'd say we were lucky.

DOCTOR: I'm not sure it was luck.

ACE: Oh yeah? Hit me with it then, Doctor. What did you do?

DOCTOR: Not me, Ace. Well, not really.

ACE: What wasn't you?

DOCTOR: Well, I became suspicious when Klein told me how she'd got here. She can't pilot the Tardis, and yet she claimed to have accessed its flight logs and programmed it to return to a recent destination. All nonsense, of course.

ACE: Of course.

DOCTOR: No, I think she had help. Help from somebody who upon realising that he had made a terrible mistake, sacrificed his most precious possession and even a part of his own life to redeem himself.

ACE: Somebody like you.

DOCTOR: Think about it. Hypothetically, I've escaped from Colditz, but I've let you die and I've left behind your CD Walkman. I mean, it's not until I check the Tardis instrumentation that I realise what I've done.

ACE: You've accidentally changed history.

DOCTOR: I need to put things right, but I can't intervene directly. I can't double back on my own timestream.

ACE: So you come back to Germany

DOCTOR: And I wait until the time is right. I let the SS think that they've killed me and then, in another incarnation, I spend the next decade getting close to a certain person.

ACE: Klein.

DOCTOR: An ambitious scientist, somebody who can be talked into making and taking a foolish gamble.

ACE: You can't come back to 1944, so you persuade her to do it for you. And you pre-programmed the Tardis to take off again as soon as she's parked it to make sure her plans fall apart.

DOCTOR: It's all conjecture, of course. By removing your Walkman we can prevent that timeline from coming into existence, so we'll never have a chance to ask me what really happened.

ACE: What was it I said when we first got here? About how I couldn't be walking into one of your masterplans? Oh, typical.

GOWER: Er, you understand all that?

ACE: No. But best humour him, or he'll try to explain it again.

GOWER: Right. As I understand it, Miss McShane, you've still got to reach this machine of yours, and it'll probably be guarded.

DOCTOR: McShane?

ACE: Yeah, well, we've all got to grow up sometime.

DOCTOR: Ah. Well, in that case, you won't want to use the explosives in your rucksack to create a diversion, will you?

ACE: Oh no, Doctor. You don't get away with it that easily. I've just let you have another masterplan, remember? I think that entitles me to one small explosion.

SHÄFER: Frau Klein! What are you doing?

KLEIN: What does it look like, Shäfer? I'm leaving.

SHÄFER: I can have a guard fetch your driver.

KLEIN: Don't bother.

(Car door slams.)

SHÄFER: Meine Dame, before you leave I must speak with you.

KLEIN: Get out of my way or I'll run you down.

(Boom! In the near distance.)

SHÄFER: What was that?

KLEIN: I neither know nor care, but it came from inside the Kommandantur, so you'd better run along and investigate, hadn't you? You see, that's the difference between you and me, Shäfer. My plans might have failed, but I'm still in control of my life. We won't meet again.

(Drives off.)

SHÄFER: But meine Dame, you can't leave. The Camp Commandant

GUARD: Halt! Halt! (machinegun fire) Halt!

KURTZ: So, Herr Doktor, Fraulein McShane, Flying Officer Gower, another escape? You thought you could take our travelling machine?

DOCTOR: My travelling machine.

KURTZ: I knew you would come here. Your diversion did not fool me.

GOWER: There's no need to boast, Kurtz. Just take us back to our cells.

KURTZ: Very well. Once you have handed over your key, Doctor.

DOCTOR: The Commandant already has it.

KURTZ: You must have another. Why else would you have come here?

DOCTOR: The Tardis will open for me.

KURTZ: And your accomplice Klein is already within, nicht wahr?

ACE: Accomplice? You've got to be kidding.

DOCTOR: Do you want to handle this, Miss McShane?

ACE: What's the point? There's no reasoning with scum.

DOCTOR: Perhaps not, but I think we should give Sergeant Kurtz the opportunity to make a more informed decision.

GOWER: What do you mean, Doctor?

DOCTOR: He wants to know who we are, where we've come from. He wants a key to our travelling machine

because he wants to see inside it for himself. Now the question is, will he believe what he sees?

KURTZ: What would I see?

DOCTOR: Will he accept that we weren't meant to be part of these events, that the technology we have comes from a place and a time far away from the Earth of 1944?

ACE: The Allies don't really have machines like this, you know.

DOCTOR: No, so you don't need to worry about catching up. We simply want to leave. We want to let history continue without our interference.

KURTZ: No, Doctor. I can see how the tide of this war is turning. My country needs an advantage, and this machine can provide it. I know my duty.

ACE: You see? I said you were wasting your time.

DOCTOR: Not wasting it, buying it. And I wasn't talking to Kurtz. Did you hear all that, Mister Schäfer?

SHÄFER: I did, Doctor.

KURTZ: Herr Hauptmann, the spies were trying to

SHÄFER: I know what they were trying to do, Feldwebel.

KURTZ: And their ally Klein

SHÄFER: Frau Klein drove out the main gate ten minutes ago. The guards could not stop her. Now, Herr Doktor and Fraulein McShane will leave too. Put down your rifle, Kurtz.

ACE: Hey, good on you, Schäfer.

SHÄFER: I thought you didn't like traitors, Fraulein.

KURTZ: I always knew you sympathised with our enemies. You will be shot for this, Schäfer!

SHÄFER: I don't doubt it. Now drop the gun and let these people pass.

KURTZ: I do not like traitors either.

(Gunshots.)

GOWER: Julius!

SHÄFER: William.

DOCTOR: Quick, Ace, into the Tardis!

KURTZ: No, Fraulein, you will not get past me. You will not.

ACE: Get back, Kurtz.

(Cries of pain.)

DOCTOR: The doors, Ace.

ACE: Got them.

(Tardis doors close.)

DOCTOR: There's no time to lose. We've got to leave now.

ACE: Why the hurry? We're safe in the Tardis, aren't we?

DOCTOR: Not any more. The Germans have a key.

ACE: Oh, gotcha.

DOCTOR: Get down!

(Gunshot.)

ACE: It's Kurtz! He's trying to get in!

KURTZ: You won't escape me so easily.

(Gunshots. Something fritzes. The Tardis dematerialises.)

DOCTOR: Hang on to something!

ACE: I'm trying to get to the door control!

DOCTOR: I don't think you need to. Don't look!

ACE: Oh, my God, my God!

(Kurtz screams.)

ACE: It's tearing him apart!

GOWER: Easy there, Herr Hauptmann. And don't try to get up yet. You took a bullet to the side. You've lost some blood, but it's not too bad. I've done the best I can. You'll make it.

SHÄFER: Until the court-martial, perhaps, Herr Gower. Kurtz, is he?

GOWER: Dead. Very dead, in fact. The Doctor and McShane are gone. Their machine just went. There's only us left now. I don't understand. Why did you do it? Why help us after

SHÄFER: You did what you had to, I see that now. I think I would do the same. But Kurtz's death, I am responsible.

GOWER: No. No, you didn't do a thing, and that's what I'll say when they question me.

SHÄFER: But we are on opposite sides.

GOWER: Not any more, Julius. Not while we're stuck in this prison camp together.

ACE: Oh. Oh no. What happened to him, Professor?

DOCTOR: Doctor.

ACE: Whatever.

DOCTOR: Sergeant Kurtz was half inside and half outside the Tardis when we dematerialised.

ACE: What? So we tried to take half of him with us? Oh, that's horrible. No one deserves that, not even him.

DOCTOR: I'm glad you think so, and I happen to agree.

ACE: I'm serious, Doctor. I don't ever want to see anything like that again. If only I'd known he was behind me.

DOCTOR: It wasn't your fault.

ACE: No. Tim Wilkins was my fault though. He almost got his brains kicked out because of me. And who was stupid enough to lose future technology in their own past in the first place.

DOCTOR: Well, no harm done, it seems. The Tardis informs me that Time has resumed its normal course. I just hope it stays that way.

ACE: Why wouldn't it?

DOCTOR: We left Klein behind.

ACE: So what can she do? You wiped out her timeline.

DOCTOR: Precisely. She doesn't belong in 1944. She doesn't belong anywhere now. She's an anomaly. She knows things she ought not to know, discoveries that haven't been made, a future that hasn't yet happened.

ACE: And won't happen. She can't know much about real history, can she? In her world the Nazis won the war. Besides, she's on the run now. They'll probably pick her up. Gower said that practically no one gets over the border.

DOCTOR: Don't underestimate Klein. She's a very resourceful woman.

ACE: Could have fooled me.

DOCTOR: She escaped from Colditz.

ACE: Yeah, but she used the staff car. That's the easiest way. Doctor, do you think we could have some time off now? I just feel like I need to, to think about things without somebody trying to kill us.

DOCTOR: I'll see what I can do. But you know the Tardis, Ace. I just can't guarantee anything.

ACE: No. Not Ace. Not anymore. Time to grow up, remember. It's Dorothy McShane now.